

No 26. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Thursday, June 5, 1919

Enlisted Men's Dance Was Pleasant Event

BUSY EVERYWHERE.

Have our readers noticed the activity here and there about the Post? Have you seen how industriously the theater repair gang are making the house ready for a movie show this week? Lt. Mayer, Utilities department, feels sure that this will be accomplished in schedule time. Have you seen Capt. Mallow with sleeves rolled up, besmurfed with soot, working with his bunch of boys in cleaning up the place?

AND

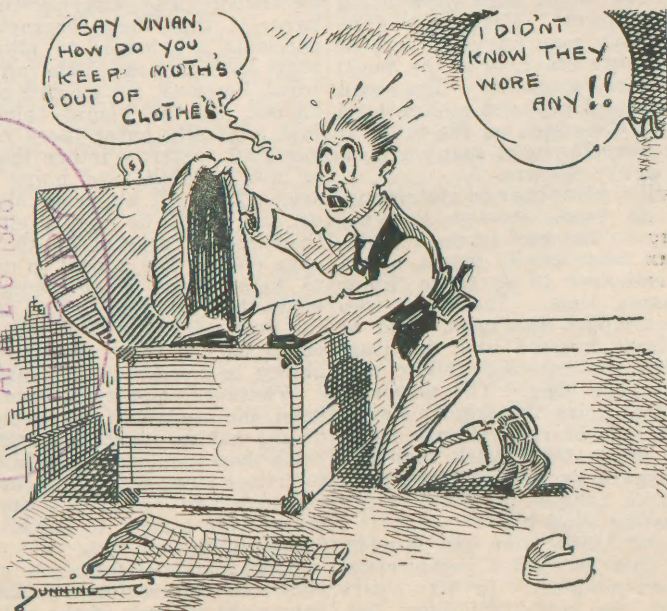
Have you watched closely how rapidly the Y. M. C. A. is coming

into being? This place will soon be open for our benefit.

AND AGAIN

All of you have surely heard the whirr and clank of the hammer and saw, and have seen the way the Post Exchange is shaking it up, getting the new shelves and counters erected, for the big new and complete stock of goods that this greatest of all country stores is going to handle. The design of the new store is a regular whirligig idea, and to locate the article you want, you have but to gaze at the center turret as may make the circuit about it, and ask

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GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

J. H. French, Red Cross, field
director.

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Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

**Officer of the Day—Lieut. James
Merriweather.**

Thursday, June 5, 1919.

A great many pretty mottos have been written about hard work being the key to success. Hard work alone never put any man anywhere except in a premature grave, or in the hands of a stomach specialist. The man who fumes and explodes and eats his lunch with the watch on the table, is cheating himself out of many a good year of active service.

Carefully planning and systematizing will do more toward boosting you along to the goal of your ambitions than four minute meals, and a sincere endeavor to do three things at the same time. The men who really accomplish the most seem to be the least hurried and the least busy. It's the non-skid fellow who succeeds every time. The powerful engines that drive the mighty Leviathan across the stormy Atlantic make less fuss about their work than the little asthmatic peanut-roaster on the corner that coughs to death every time a strong wind blows.

Poise and deliberation will do more for you than excessive perspiration and a sour stomach. In fifty years from now, the world will have forgotten whether you partook of your noontime repast, sitting down or on

the run. No character of modern times has accomplished more than Marshall Foch, yet he is described as a man who never seems to be hurried, over-worked or behind schedule. It is inconceivable that he could have succeeded in his tremendous undertakings had he not, first of all, understood the value of getting himself systematized on a non-dyspeptic and unexplosive basis.

* * *

**Daily work and economy are guar-
antees against poverty.**

* * *

The idea occurs to us in connection with future work of correspondents, that these representatives should be selected with respect to the barracks in which they live. This would doubtless solve the problem all around, for in some barracks where we have given this idea a trial, barracks I, K and H particularly, it has shown greater promise for regular daily co-operation and contributions, than any other plan that has been so far advanced. The only criticism we have, is that these barrack correspondents are loathe to allow us to print their names. This can be remedied, however, for as soon as we are all set for the bigger things, we'll just naturally enter these names on our staff roster, whether they like it or not. Things are going to hum soon, if they'll all come along with us, and they'll be mighty glad to see their names printed on the editor's page daily. We appeal to all of you to help locate a correspondent in every barrack and living house on the Post. It is not fair to themselves or to us for those who possess the ability to remain in the dark.

Whatever quality a person has been endowed with or developed, he or she has no right to hoard it any more than Rembrandt would have had to fritter away his genius, or the discoverers and owners of the radium mines have a right to bottle them up for scientific use.

Any talent or nature's gift that sticks to the recipient's fingers is downright robbery of the poorer public, for whose needs it was given.

The trees pay rent to the soil they

live in by giving freely of their fruit. He who gives the most gets something for it in every pulse beat. Awaken, correspondents in EVERY corner of the Post, we need you.

* * *

He who coins a new and lofty thought is a benefactor of his race.

* * *

TOO TRUE!

That swagger matron
Must be coarse,
Who's never had but
One divorce!

GAME SCRAPPER RECOVERING.

Pvt. Moran, the battling citizen from Philly, who dislocated his arm in one of the bouts at the field day Saturday, is coming along nicely and will soon be in good shape for further engagements with the padded mitts. Moran has the makings of a clever fighter and we predict a bright future for him in the roped arena.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE EXTENDS US THEIR THANKS.

The splendid work displayed by our boys in swimming the creek and extinguishing the fire in the Hampton Institute lumber yard, just opposite us here, Sunday morning has evidently not been passed without notice. This fire occurred immediately following our theater fire, and out firemen who had worked hard in extinguishing those flames, without hesitation, turned their attention to his job across the creek. Below follows a letter of thanks from Hampton Institute, addressed to Lt. Col. Richardson:

THE HAMPTON NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

June 2, 1919

Col. W. H. Richardson,
Commanding Officer, General Hospital No. 43,
Hampton, Va.

My dear Sir:—

I am writing at the request of Dr. James E. Gregg, Principal of Hampton Institute, who left yesterday evening for a trip in the West, to ask you to thank the soldiers and officers under your command for the

efficient and generous assistance in extinguishing the fire in our lumber shed on Sunday morning, June 1st. The voluntary act on their part is greatly appreciated and their spirit throughout the episode was most satisfactory.

With many thanks to you for allowing them to co-operate, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) F. K. Rogers,
Treasurer.

MARGURITE MOSER BRUM-BAUGH VISITING MISS CABELL

Margurite M. Brumbaugh, of Altoona, Pa., and a long time friend of Miss Cabell, of the local Red Cross, is paying a month's visit at the home of the latter, in Phoebus, Va.

SGT. THOMPSON, M. T. C.

The next time you run away from me after me paying for your "feed," I'll lay for you and blow the wheels off your wagon. I'm durn mad, I am. Can't you see? Quit your grinning, con sarn you!

BOLSEVIKI (?)

Barracks "H" was the scene yesterday noon of a very spirited meeting of the new Lakewooders, with the result that after everyone of the non-coms tried to speak at one time, same broke up with seemingly little accomplished. "Senator" Rapp, the Pa. accountant, debated eloquently on the subject of the hour, "Release or Duty—Which?"

PICKED UP.

Lil' Lize Jane wishes to inform Gee Aitch 43 that the want ad. of a corporal was a mistake. It must be at least a top kick, but a shave tail preferred. Nothing below a top Sergeant under any consideration.

—o—

Who is the blooming rose that waits on the old soldier boys in 6 at night? Inquiry made by a poor little private. Who wouldn't enjoy them?

Of course the ward men in Ward 5 may have "cooties," but wouldn't it be better not to advertise the fact?

BUSY EVERYWHERE.

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James to set them up. Oh, this is going to be a real emporium, and that incomparable dispenser of wares, Lt. Blackerby and his able assistants, Stuart, Sgt. 1st c. Wright and Sgt. 1st c. Ehrman, are planning a grand opening in the near future of this great establishment. Mr. Mater, proprietor of our soda fountain, will take over the old canteen location and therein establish a real nifty, little restaurant. We're all for this, whole-heartedly, to a man. You too, girls, eh? Further and more definite announcements will follow in the near future.

VISITING RICHMOND.

The Gee Aitch 43 staff cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. "Eva" Dunning, after laying in a store of advance drawings, which amuse and entertain our daily readers of the hospital paper, has laid aside his sketching material and sojourned on a five-day stay Richmondward. From his hurry, bustle and excitement prior to getting started on the trip, we surmise he will make every minute and second of the allotted time count and not be in vain. We old veterans of 52 still believe that Richmond hold charms for Pvt. 1st c. Dunning.

THANKS, CAPTAIN COOMBS.

For the onions. The captain, the great power in mess affairs, who says how our soup shall be served and how often, read the little contributed rhyme printed on our editorial page day before yesterday, and come back at us in real fashion, we'll say. Heres what he did. He picked out three choice Bermudas, wrapped them carefully, and sent them over to the editor without a word of comment. Of course, we didn't have to guess where they came from, as who else in the world has a garden hereabouts? We learned definitely that they were from the captain, and therefore we want to thank him for this palatable contribution, and want to tell him that we are saving "them there" tear-producing "vegetables" for use sometime when the menu fails

to call for onions in the pudding or something like that. Say what you will, onions is, yes, they they is, good food, even for editorials. The Captain appreciates a bit of humor, we don't have to guess, and is a regular scout. Here's our best wishes.

A GAY JUNE NIGHT.

The enlisted men said it was, so did the visitors, so did the Dance Committee and the Orchestra, too. Everybody said that they thought Sgt. Brody's orchestra was just grand, and they all liked the Chairman of the Committee, and he was all right. Who was he? Why Corporal Lydania, of course. Well, in spite of the terrific heat that prevailed, every one had a good time. The decoration detail did their bit, which added greatly to the setting of the interior of the Red Cross Convalescent building. In spite of the prevailing heat, a good time was the verdict of everyone. The serving of cool drinks all the while the dance was in progress was most refreshing to the trippers of the light fantastic toe.

The next dance will be given in two weeks, same place—another good time.

INVESTIGATION COMPLETED.

The board have completed their investigation of the theater fire, and yesterday submitted it to Lt. Col. Richardson for approval.

By The Sea.

She: "What is that glow down near the water?"

He: "Only our 'green' light out for a stroll."

—o—

If Sgt. Prinz's 'Fire Fighters' had a few more axes last Sunday, our theater sure would have been doomed.

—o—

There are mermaids in our midst. Go to it, girls, there is plenty of water in the ocean after you drink the pool dry.